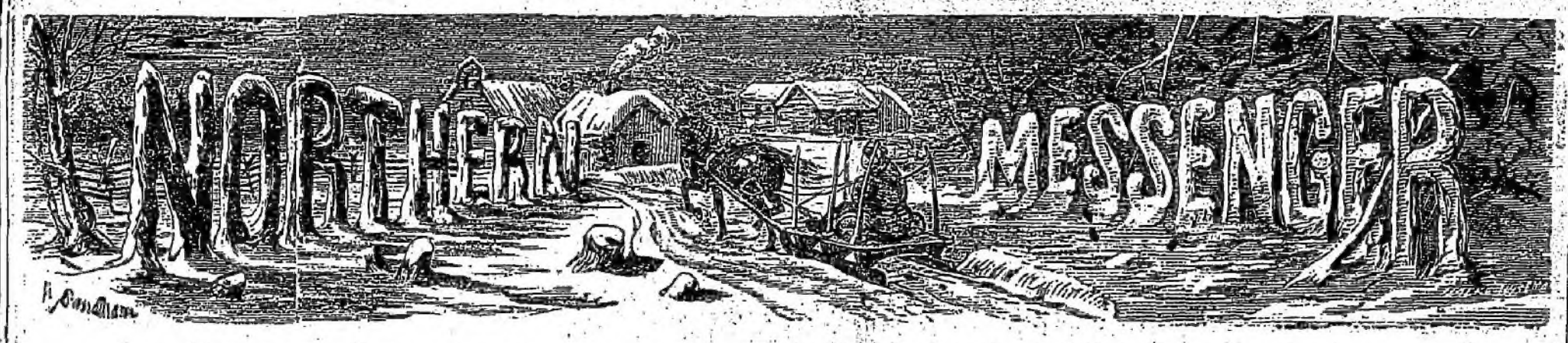

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE. SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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MARTIN LUTHER.

Persons living in this day seldom stop to think what it meant to live four hundred years ago or that the boyhood of "the monk that shook the world" was spent amid poverty and discomfort such as the poorest person in our country could hardly realize. We read of that time that the fire was built on some stones in the middle of the floor and the smoke was left to escape through the cracks and crannies of the roof. There were no windows to the houses or locks to the doors. The candles were splinters of wood dipped in melted fat. The principal food was coarse unleavened rye or arley bread, black and nasty; our common vegetables and garden fruits were entirely unknown, and all the dishes the people had to eat from were rough wooden platters. They had no leather shoes, but instead, great wooden *sabots:* The beds of the poorest classes were *hollowed out from logs of wood,* a bundle of straw instead was considered quite a luxury, only to be used by sick or very well-to-do persons. Soap there was none and they had neither tea nor coffee, spoons nor forks. The people of the day were firm believers in witchcraft and in the agency of fairies and kobolds and demons and evil spirits of all kinds. Children were much more harshly treated than they are now. The slightest offences met with the severest punishments. There were very few books, printing was in its infancy, and an education, such as we are now unwilling that any boy or girl should grow up without could then be obtained only by sons of the wealthy.

Martin Luther was born in Eisleben a little village in Saxony, on the 10th of November 1483, and all over the Christian world the anniversary of his birth has lately been celebrated. It was among such surroundings as above described that his childhood was spent. But his mother, although strict to severity, was a God-fearing woman who cherished great hopes for her son's future and often prayed at his side that he would grow up to do noble work for God. When Martin was six months old the family removed to Mansfield a place among the Hartz mountains where the father Hans (or John) Luther, was engaged in mining. His home discipline was severe, but his school life was worse still. The schoolmasters of his childhood he said were gaolers and tyrants, and the schools were little hells. At fourteen he was sent to a better school at Magdeburg and at fifteen to a still better one at Eisenach, where he began to receive thorough instruction.

About this time thoughts of God came thronging into the boy's mind and he began to ponder what He required him to do. At the age of eighteen he went to the university in Erfurt, then the best in Germany, his father intending that he should be educated for the law. While here he found a Latin Bible and reading it a knowledge of his sins and of the terrible judgment to come came vividly before him. On his way back to Erfurt after visiting his home in the summer of 1505 he was overtaken by a thunder storm. Terrified at the lightning, which was very near, he threw himself from his horse and cried "Holy Anne help me, I will become a monk." The next day he repented of his vow, for he knew how bitterly disappointed his father would be; but the vow had been given and he would abide by it. Soon he entered the Augustinian monastery in Erfurt and was at once put to the lowest drudgery. Feeling his sinfulness he fasted and prayed

MARTIN LUTHER.

and performed the severest penances, but they all availed nothing. He ended his novitiate and took upon himself the full vows of monk and priest. He threw himself into his work with enthusiasm and studied the Bible eagerly and constantly, but could get no peace. His superior thought that he needed more work to do and sent him to the lately founded university at Wittenberg to teach theology and philosophy. He was now about twenty-five.

In 1511 he was sent to Rome on business of the Order and walked all the way, being six weeks upon the journey. In Rome, if anywhere, he hoped to find peace, but society there was worse than any he had yet seen. The city and court were magnificent but sin was everywhere. The priests did not believe what they taught, and Christianity was everywhere, sneered at; the very name "Christian" was a synonym for fool. Who could retain his faith in the midst of this corruption? While going up the Holy staircase on his knees, the staircase up which they assured him Jesus had walked when he was brought before Pilate, the words "the just shall live by faith" flashed across his mind and he at once rose and walked down. Luther went to Rome a true pilgrim but came back a Protestant.

About this time St. Peter's at Rome, which it was intended to make the grandest church in the world, was being built and money was badly needed for the purpose. To obtain it the sale of indulgences was commenced. The saints, the pope said, had performed more good works than were required of them, and the merits of these extra works could be obtained by any sinner who choose to pay for them. Thus by giving a certain sum of money a person could obtain the pardon of all his sins. The greater the sin the larger was the sum required, but by giving sufficient money a person could receive full pardon for any crime and become as innocent as if he had never committed it. Against such scandalous proceedings Luther rebelled. He wrote to several bishops but none would interfere. He then prepared ninety-five Theses calling in question the theory of indulgences, and their sale, and on the 31st of October, 1517 "the most memorable day in modern European history," nailed them to the door of the Wittenberg church. In a few days these were translated into German and spread all over the country. Controversy raged and the excitement was tremendous. Persons from whom he had expected sympathy denounced him as a heretic, and the following August, 1518, he was summoned to a Diet of the Empire at Augsburg. He was so poor that he had to walk all the way from Wittenberg to Augsburg, and had to borrow a coat that he might appear decently before the princes. They angrily called upon him to recant but he refused unless they would shew him wherein he was wrong. The pope's legate said to him "Think you that the pope cares for the opinions of Germany? Think you that the princes will take up arms for you? No indeed. And where will you be then? "Under Heaven" Luther answered. He despaired of his life but would not yield. He, however, escaped from the council at night and went back to Wittenberg.

The pope would willingly have killed him but found to his astonishment that three-fourths of Germany was on Luther's side. This with various other political reasons delayed proceedings against him, and while they delayed Luther was not idle. He published an account of his trial, wrote a tract on the supremacy of the pope, and demanded to be tried by a general council.

On the 10th of June 1520 the pope issued a bull against "the wild boar who had broken into the Lord's vine-yard." Luther by this time believed that there was nothing for him but death, but was perfectly fearless. The pope having previously condemned his writings to the fire, he on the 10th of December burned the pope's bull in the market place of Wittenberg. This was the last step, from which there could be no return, and a storm had now burst, he said, which would not end till the day of judgment.

The general council which Luther had demanded was called to meet at Worms on April 17th 1521 and thither he went. His friends begged him not to go as they feared that he would be treacherously killed, but he said "I will go if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the house tops." The warder on the walls blew a blast upon his trumpet as he entered, and the streets were crowded to see this man about whom all Germany was in an uproar. Few friends he had in that Diet, but God

(Continued on eighth page.)

Temperance Department.

JANET'S MARRIAGE.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago there lived in Edinburgh the widow of a naval officer. Her family consisted of twelve children, the eldest and youngest of whom were daughters. The widow's *income was* limited, therefore when an intimate friend who was about *to emigrate* to America offered Janet, the eldest daughter, a position as governess in her family, the proposal was gladly accepted. At this time the youngest daughter, Ilene, was but four years of age, and the bustle and excitement attendant upon the preparations for Janet's departure, made an indelible impression upon her imaginative mind.

Janet had been away scarcely a year when news came of her approaching marriage to a gentleman of great wealth. The friends who had constituted themselves Janet's protectors, pronounced the match an excellent one, even though the gentlemen was a widower and many years her senior. Thenceforth in all Ilene's hopes and dreams, Janet was the central figure, the crowned heroine. Years passed. The sons grew up, married and winged away; some near, others far, and only Ilene was left at home. When she was entering her eighteenth year the mother died. The thoughts of Ilene turned to Janet, who, alone of all the family, was in possession of great wealth. To go to her —to see the world—to enter society—perhaps to holds way as a belle; surely these were dreams to be realized. Her friends also deemed it best that she should be sent at once to the wealthy sister, and so, immediately after the funeral, the affairs of the orphan were carefully arranged, and she set out on her long and lonely journey.

On arriving at her sister's home she found "all as her fancy" had "painted it." Luxury and elegance reigned. Ilene made her entrance into society, and soon her fondest hopes were realized, "the bright Scotch lassie," as she was called, became the reigning favorite. The future looked golden, and but for the remembrance of her lost mother, whom she had tenderly loved, life would have been without a single regret.

She had been about two months in her new home, when on returning late one afternoon from spending the day with a young friend, she found the front door locked, and she was obliged to ring for admittance. The drawing room shutters were closed tightly and a strange sense of dread tugged at her heart. "Where is my sister?" she asked of the servant who admitted her. "She is ill, and can see no one," was the reply. Ilene, ignoring the latter clause, ran swiftly up stairs. She was of an ardent, impulsive temperament, consequently she burst abruptly into her sister's room without staying for the ceremony of a premonitory knock.

Alas! for the sight that met her eye. On the floor lay her sister, partially dressed, her face slightly flushed, her hair dishevelled. The room was in disorder, yet, on a couch several yards removed, sat her sister's husband, contentedly reading a newspaper. He looked up alarmed as Ilene burst in.

"What are you doing here?" he said gruffly. "Did not the servants tell you that Janet was ill and must not be disturbed?" "Yes, oh yes," cried Ilene starting forward, "but why does she lie like that? Cannot you—cannot I do something for her?" As she spoke she bent over her sister as if to lift her head from the floor, but suddenly recoiled, a look of horror darting over her expressive face. Her brother-in-law laughed fiendishly. "O, yes, you can do something for her, of course; take her up and put her to bed, yes, take up your sister, your drunken sister, and care for her if you can. I am through with that sort of thing long ago."

Ilene burst into tears and rushed from the room.

It was several days before she saw Janet again. When she appeared among them, no allusion was made to her recent "illness." Ilene, despite her brother-in-law's words, tried to believe that the dark occurrence was without precedence; but alas! less than two weeks elapsed when the terrible "illness" returned, and under circumstances still more heart-rending to Ilene. She longed to ask some one how all this horrible state of affairs had come about, yet she found it impossible to propound questions on the subject to either Janet or her husband. One day however, while the wretched woman was shut in her room for the third time, a chance remark from Ilene brought from an old servant a graphic account of the sad downfall.

"It is every bit his fault," she said, "and now he abuses the poor mistress for it. He always has had his wine on his table, and a barrel of beer in the cellar just as you see it now. My first mistress could drink as much as he and never feel it, but your sister is different; it goes right to her head, you know, poor thing, so she'd never touch a drop, which used to make him fearful mad at her. But after a while her health gave out, and he and the doctors together made her drink it for medicine, and that was, as you might say, the end of her. She never since then has been so long sober as she was just after you came. The master has been pickled in the filthy stuff since ever he was born, they say, and a hogshead wouldn't make him curl up, I do believe.

Janet's affairs gradually went from bad to worse, and at last the whole of their fortune slipped from their grasp. Now, in their old age she and her husband are dependent on a son, who is in straitened circumstances. Wine no more flows freely to tempt Janet every hour, yet, she is ever haunted by the craving thirst for it, which was awakened by its medicinal use, and sometimes, even yet, by "hook or crook" she obtains enough to reduce her to the old besotted condition. But saddest of all is it that she cannot recover the wasted years of womanhood, when with her accomplishments and engaging manners, she should have been in the full flower of her usefulness.—*Lever.*

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE?

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

I am sitting by an open window. It is that witching hour just after sun-down, before it has grown dark. All sorts of vehicles are in the street before me. I am looking out upon the business thoroughfare of a very lively town.

Three places of business right across the way are open, and they are all having a good trade, for it is Saturday, and people from the country have poured in, as they always do on that day.

Out of one of those open doors there comes a plain looking man, leading a little boy by the hand. The boy has on a new suit of clothes, and is happy in the consciousness of being well dressed. The sign over the door where they have been, reads:

.....

: CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS. :

.....

Several persons have gone in at the next door, but they have not come out yet. At the third door there stands a farmer's two horse waggon; a cook stove, bright with tinware and copper boilers, has just been lifted in. They are putting in the end board, and now they start—brown faced man and buxom wife, for their home in the country. Over the door of the place they came out of, I read in great wooden letters:

.....

: HARDWARE STORE. :

.....

Between these two places there is another door. It admits you to a very attractive place. The windows are a perfect curiosity shop. There are stuffed birds, mounted on the dry branches of an evergreen. There are also stuffed animals, so naturally placed that they seem instinct with life. Strains of music from time to time come from that elegantly kept place of business. But whom do I see going in there? That well dressed gentleman, with a red nose, is one of our principal business men. The young fellow who comes after him belongs to a dry goods store. The seedy man who brings up the rear is a day laborer. He has just been paid fifty cents for sweeping a cellar and picking up the rubbish in a door yard. Lucky fellow, he is going to invest in what he calls internal improvements. The sign in the middle place of business, reads:

.....

: LIQUORS AND CIGARS. :

.....

This kind of business is regarded as a necessary one. I heard a prominent business man—one of our City Fathers—say the other day that grass would grow in our streets were it not for the places where liquor is sold. I, for one, would let our city or any other city go to grass, and would try the dairy business on the spot for a living, sooner than I would thrive by a business that is kept moist with the tears of women, and red with the blood of murdered humanity.

But glance at those three open doors again. Let us ask each of the men who preside within them the same question.

"Mr. A.—What do you pay for the privilege of selling ready made clothing?" "What do I pay! why nothing at all. Thank God, I live in a free country."

"Mr. B.—What do you pay for the privilege of carrying on your business?" "I pay three hundred dollars, sir," says Mr. B, as he takes the change for a "set-em-up-all round," and drops it in his till. "And," continues he, "it's a shame to make me pay it; I tell you, and don't you forget it.

"Mr. C.—What do you pay for selling hardware?" "Nothing at all, sir. Can't I sell you a lawn mower, or a George Washington hatchet, or a catch-em-alive mouse-trap?" "No," I say, "I've just come out of a catch-em-alive trap that keeps the grass from growing in our streets; a trap that does double duty, like the old-fashioned clock that kept the time of day accurately and gave two quarts of milk on Sunday; I don't want to buy anything."

I go out of that place, the last of three with a puzzle, so to speak on my hands. The puzzle is this: Why does the man in the middle place of business, pay for the right to sell his property when neither the man on his right hand, nor the man on his left, pay a single cent for the privilege of selling theirs? Is it just? Liquor dealers do a great deal of cheap swearing on the subject. Have they any cause for their profanity?

The whole community would rise up in arms if bonds were required of every business man, and if he were compelled to pay heavily for the privilege of selling his goods. If it is right to sell liquor, if it is an honest calling, if it benefits the community,—then, clearly it is unjust to make any distinction between selling liquor, and selling ready made clothing or hardware. But suppose it to be a curse, as it surely is. What then? How does it look to take money as a compensation for an injury to society, and then credit a wicked business with helping us to pay our taxes?

Our Saxon ancestors allowed the most notorious offenders to commute for murder. We commute for almost everything. Cash down for a quantity, buys milk tickets, dinner tickets, and railway tickets at reduced rates. Cash down in advance, and the seller of liquor is allowed to be an accessary to every crime under heaven.—*Christian at Work.*

FOR MY SAKE.

There are a thousand applications of this principle of *self-denial* for Christ's sake. Grand old Paul had it in his mind when he wrote: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is made weak." It is not easy for a true Christian to keep this text in his Bible and to keep a bottle on his table. They do not harmonize. The bottle means temptation. The text means that things were not always sinful, *per se*, should be cheerfully give up for her sake of others; and the legal liberty of the man or woman whose heart is in the right place will never be exercised when a moral evil may flow from such exercise. We have no right to put a stumbling block in the path of others. As a Christian I am bound to surrender every self-indulgence which works directly against the best interests of my fellow men, especially if it endangers precious souls for whom Jesus died. This principle gives to the doctrine of total abstinence from intoxicants a broad Bible basis as solid as the Hudson "Palisades" on which I am now writing.

The two thousand unanswerable arguments against the drinking usages are these: An alcoholic beverage endangers me if I tamper with it; it endangers my fellow-man if I offer it to him. My Bible teaches me to let it alone for the sake of the "weak" and those who stumble. Ah, those stumblers! How many wrecks the word reveals! How many tombs it opens, whose charitable turf hides out of sight what surviving kindred would love to hide from memory! For Jesus' sake, and for the sake of the easily tempted, who will hide behind our example, let us who call ourselves Christians put away this bottled devil, which conceals damnation under its ruby glow. This subject of self surrender for Jesus' sake is as wide as the domain of Christian duty. To live for Christ is the sweetest and holiest life we can live; to live for self is the most wretched. Every cross is turned into a crown, every burden becomes a blessing, every sacrifice becomes sacred and sublime, the moment that our Lord and Redeemer writes on it "*For my sake.*"—*N. Y. Independent.*

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(*National Temperance Society, New York.*)

LESSON IX.—ALCOHOL AND THE DOWNWARD ROAD.

What is among the first indications of progress in the downward road by reason of the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

The loss of self-respect.

What is self-respect?

Self-respect is that consciousness of uprightness and purity of life, which puts persons at their ease, and keeps them in the upward way.

How is this loss of self-respect shown by those who are forming or have formed the drinking habit?

In many ways: in their seeking to avoid *public observation* when drinking; in their endeavor to conceal the fact when the deed is done; and commonly, in manifest shame.

What follows closely on the loss of self-respect?

The gradual change from good company to bad.

What follows this?

Increasing indifference as to what persons think or say, and the slow but sure surrender of *self* to the appetites and lusts.

What next?

Entire loss of shame, absolute degradation, and at length the change from a person made in the image of God to a brute.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Kendal Mercury* states the following facts respecting the change produced in that town by temperance and religious effort. There are about 13,000 inhabitants. "From what I can hear matters are becoming very serious to the publicans in the town. The income of many of them must have been dreadfully interfered with by what is going on. One of them, in the upper part of the town, is reported to have said, on a certain Saturday evening, that he did not know what he was to do if such a state of things continued, as that evening, from seven o'clock till nine, he had not taken sixpence, though Saturday evening, used to be his busiest time. Another of them, in the centre of the town is reported to have said to one of his customers that same evening that he was the only visitor they had for two hours, and that he would give him a shilling if he would visit every public-house in the same street and see if others were as bad as they were. The man took the shilling and went forth, and having visited the ten public-houses that had been pointed out, returned and reported that he had only found eight persons sitting and drinking in the entire lot. Another, who used to brew regularly twice a week, is said to be brewing once a fortnight now. On every side the cry is going forth, whatever shall we do? It is said that one large firm in town, finding that so many of their workmen had mounted the Blue Ribbon, and were in danger of being drawn aside from that path for want of some place where they could meet to read the news and smoke their pipes, have actually rented a large house not far from the works and placed it at their disposal every evening in the week, except Sundays, for the purpose mentioned. Now, if all this is true, we are passing brough a revolution, the consequences of which who can tell?"

THE HOUSEHOLD.

OVER-PRESSURE OUT OF SCHOOLS.

It is a common cry, now-a-days, that children are being crowded and crammed and worried and spurred on in the common and high schools until they are becoming nervous, irritable, and sickly, often dropping into premature graves. Such was the mournful wail which came to my ears as I took up my abode, a few years since, in a beautiful town in Massachusetts. How dreadful! I replied; and I wondered as, from time to time, I met the intelligent, warm-hearted superintendent, and teachers how it could be possible for them to carry on their cruel system of slow torture and death. It was a problem which interested me, and I resolved to work it out if possible.

This was my proposition: Given nervous, *pale, over-worked, languid children*; patient, loving, cultivated instructors, how were the latter responsible for the former? I accepted the popular supposition that they were responsible, and began the difficult task of discovering the sad process. I visited each school, and was ushered into bright, cheery, well-ventilated rooms, furnished with easy seats, and various helps in teaching, as books of reference, globes, and maps. Then I carefully studied the teachers; earnest and enthusiastic they certainly were; in their enthusiasm and earnestness did they overestimate the mental abilities of the children, and thus assign too long lessons? That must be it, and I felt that I had the key to the problem almost within my grasp. But no; the lessons given were *short* and well explained. I confess was mystified, and still more so by observing that over two-thirds of the pupils were strong, rosy, and healthy. They were happy, too, and didn't look at all as though they were enduring martyrdom. But why should the rest of that "noble six hundred" look pale, listless, and unhappy, or flushed, excited, and despairing? I was more puzzled than I had ever been before in my life. Day by day I thought it all over; again and again I haunted the school-room, finding the teachers uniformly wise and kind in their administration; "and still the wonder grew."

Pretty soon, elements unheard of began to enter into my problem; surprise parties, dancing schools, social dances from house to house, balls, sociables, sleigh-rides, late suppers, and novel reading were some of them. One or more of them included children from nine years upward; and one, two and three nights in a week was this drain of physical forces brought to bear upon the susceptible constitution of the children and youth. I began to open my eyes. Said a boy of twelve years to me: "Last Monday night I went to a surprise party; to-night I am at a sociable; and Friday evening I am going to another party. I think that is pretty well for one week." I told him I thought it was pretty bad; and, I might add, that I was not sorry when a heavy snow storm prevented the Friday-evening party.

A school-girl of the same age recently exclaimed to me,—"I should be ashamed to tell how late I got up in the morning." "Why don't you rise earlier?" "Oh, I'm so sleepy! Last night I finished a splendid story, which took until twelve, and I didn't get home from the party the night before until eleven." She further more informed me that she rarely went to bed before ten, and I informed her that if I controlled her bedtime she would go at nine, or earlier, every night, as every child at her age should. Yesterday the following brief dialogue between two boys took place in front of our house, in reference to a party held the night before: "Halloo! did you have a good time last night?" "O, staver! A No. 1! didn't get home till three o'clock!" I will simply add that the average age of those who "didn't get home till three o'clock" is probably about fifteen years.

Said one of the above-named murderous teachers to me recently: "I shall be thankful when the dances are over! There is nothing else thought of the day before, and nothing else talked of the day after each one of them. What I teach the pupils, and what they read—for they do not study—from their books goes through their minds like 'water through a sieve.'" Yet, more likely than not, that teacher was under condemnation, both of pupils and parents, for overworking her school. Now when such dissipations as I have named are allowed children and youth, is it any wonder they grow sickly—that they get up in the morning cross and dyspeptic, and go to school spiritless and thick-headed? In that condition, lessons appear hard and teachers unjust; so does the sun appear to revolve about the earth, but this fallacy is no more fallacious than the other.

When all this unnatural, unhealthy excitement and strain is added to the legitimate school-work, think twice before you blame those long-suffering, much-abused public benefactors, known as teachers and superintendents, for poorly educated or broken-down children. I cannot say concerning city school children, but I know from personal observation that the children—modern phraseology would term them young gentlemen and ladies—of our towns and villages are injuring themselves, mentally and physically, in just these ways I've mentioned. And my solution of the problem is, that the evil lies at the door of the parents and guardians rather than elsewhere. I know our school system is not perfect, and, in view of the heterogeneous material to be dealt with, it is a difficult matter to make it perfect. It might be improved, and without doubt, will be; meanwhile, make the best of present circumstances. See to it that your children are snug and warm in bed at eight and nine o'clock at night. Give them good nutritious food to eat, a little work to do, and plenty of exercise in the open air; then if they find school duties too hard, diminish the number of their studies, and be patient and hopeful until the longed-for millennium shall come.—*Journal of Education.*

POISONING THE CHILDREN.

People are eating themselves to death, and weary house-wives are falling martyrs to the popular greed for an endless variety of dainties. Little children are fed with rich food until their appetites become perfectly demoralized and they turn in disdain from the plain, wholesome diet which they need in order to become noble and strong men and women, and they grow up dainty, capricious, bilious, weak, complaining invalids. We are fast becoming a nation of dyspeptics.

Mothers, I move for a reform. Spare your children, if you spoil a sumptuous dinner. You love your children, and you want to please them; but their welfare demands that you curb their inclinations at times. You would not let them eat poisoned candy if you knew it was poison, even if they cried for it. An access of unwholesome food may be quite as injurious in time. Children had better cry a little now than suffer much by and by. They may be pleased with a surfeit of good things, but the effect will make them cross as tigers. A little restriction is not so hard for them to bear, as physical pain, and it will prove a blessing in the end. An over-indulged child is very apt to be extremely fractious and "fussy." I have seen a three-year-old child perfectly savage after eating several cookies and two large pieces of mince pie, given her to stop her teasing, but the more she eat, the more she snarled.

I heard a feeble mother say with a sigh, "Oh dear! I must cook again. Two days ago I baked a pan full of cookies and fried another pan full of doughnuts, made eight pies, and several loaves of bread, and now there is nothing cooked in the house."

I wanted to put a lock on her pantry, and have charge of the key, until her children's appetites were disciplined into some degree of consistency. They will not eat this and that at the table, but they can munch doughnuts, cookies, or pie, every hour in the day, and their poor worn mother wonders why her children are sick so often. She thinks the darlings must have what they want to eat, and she is not stingy enough to starve her family. So she is killing herself to provide food for them to eat themselves sick, and then she must be robbed of her rest to wait upon them. Wanted, a reform! I hear farmers say that cattle and horses should not have too much feed. They need a certain amount, and if fed beyond that they will not only waste their fodder, but will grow poor. So will children sometimes eat too much for their good. They like sweet, and will eat cake because it is sweet, when they are not hungry, and if indulged, will spoil their digestive organs. Give them regular meals, and let them get hungry enough to relish good, plain, wholesome food. They will be healthier, stronger, happier and pleasanter; and be a comfort to their parents instead of being troublesome torments.

"There was a nation, Spartans named,
For their great men and glory famed."

But the grand, robust, heroic Spartans were not brought up on plum pudding, mince pie, and pound cake. No, indeed! Much rich food is not healthy for anybody. If we cannot eat plain food when it is well cooked, we had better not eat until we are hungry. The highest art in cookery, is knowing how to make common victuals good.—*The Household.*

What Came of Ignorance.—I wish to give my experience to the readers of the *Herald of Health* as a proof that ignorance of health matters is not bliss, at least it has not been so in my own case. I live in a healthy region of country, where women generally are strong and enduring, and was myself as healthy a girl as ever was; but at the age of fifteen my grandmother, sisters and several girl friends laughed at me for being altogether too stout. They said I must diet myself—take a great deal of vinegar, some Epsom salts and other things, and, above all, wear a tight-fitting corset night and day. I was fool enough to follow their advice, for I wanted to be as lady-like as possible. At first I got on very well, but after a few months I began to grow weak, and now I am over twenty years old and as pale and delicate as an old woman. My stomach is irritable and full of acid, and often I vomit up my food before it is half digested. I have taken medicine until I am tired of it and discouraged, and don't know what to do. I give my case as a warning to others, and I also ask advice of any one who has had a similar experience.—*Caroline in Herald of Health.*

Cleanliness of Sinks.—One of the most prolific causes of defilement and offensive odors in kitchen sinks and their outlets is the presence of decaying grease. This comes from the emptyings of kettles in which meat has been cooked, in the dish water, and in the soap. The grease lodges in every crevice and catches at every obstruction. A remedy may be found in the use of the common alkalies instead of soap, aqua ammonia in washing clothes, and borax in washing lawns ond laces, and washing soda in cleaning dishes. These alkalies prevent a solid soap from forming in the sink and its pipes and neutralize all effects of decomposing fat.—*Scientific American.*

A Caterpillar Mat.—Take woollen cloth, cut crosswise into strips about an inch wide, gather through the centre on a stout linen thread and draw up snugly, then sew them on a piece of carpeting or sacking the size of the mat you wish to make, beginning in the centre and sewing round and round. Have the first two or three times or more of bright-colored rags, hit or miss, then two or three times of black or brown, and so on. It will use up very small pieces, and looks nicely for bedrooms, etc. Be sure and cut the strips crosswise, or they will ravel badly.

Apple "Turnovers."—The child is defrauded of its rights who does not know the taste of a "turnover," baked purposely for small consumers. Roll out a round of crust about the size of a dessert plate, pull it into oval shape. Put two tablespoonfuls of rich apple sauce, or else apples in the finest slices that you can cut, sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, quite into the centre of the crust, turn it over and pinch the edges closely together. Wet the crust with a little sweet milk and bake brown in the oven.

Cream Tapioca Pudding.—Soak three tablespoonfuls of tapioca in warm water two hours, then stir it into one quart of boiling milk, let it boil fifteen minutes; beat together the yolks of four eggs and one cup of sugar, stir them into the pudding and flavor with lemon or vanilla extract; pour all into a baking dish. Beat the whites of the eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar to a stiff froth, put this over the pudding, and bake five minutes.

Soft Gingerbread.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of scalding water, stir in flour to make stiff enough to bake in pans.

PUZZLES.

LORD MACAULAY'S ENIGMA.

Cut off my head, and singular I am.
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear.
Cut off both head and tail, and, strange to say,
Although there's nothing left, there's something there.
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea.
What is my tail cut off? A rushing river,
Within whose liquid depths I sportive play—
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute for ever.

CHARADES.

1. I have no eyes, and yet my nose is long.
I have no mouth, and yet my breath is strong.

2. My friend and I from home did part
Of whom I had some way the start,
So on we ran ten miles or more,
And I same distance as before;
Now tell me how that this could be,
As I ran twice as fast as he?

ENIGMATIC AUTHORS.

1. To cause to waver, and a lance,
Names an English poet whose writing entrance.
2. A tool used by farmers, and a gum
Was a Greek poet highly esteemed by some.
3. The shaft of a column, and not well
Was a Latin poet few can excel.
4. An English river, and an enemy in war
Was a novelist whose works are much sought for.
5. An exclamation of teamsters and a briar
Was a writer of fiction whom many admire.

A GEOGRAPHICAL JUMBLE.

A thrifty lady in a dress of (town in New South Wales), and carrying (one of the Sunda islands) fan, went out to buy a new set of (an empire in Asia). She had a desire to shine in (islands in the Pacific,) and sent for her (mountain in Oregon) (a city in Idaho, a city in Georgia, and a city in Illinois) to aid in the selection. Having bought some delicate cups and saucers from (a beautiful city in France), she bought plates from (a city in Prussia), and carved platters from the (mountains in Switzerland), she proceeded to order a supper. She bought (grain from Minnesota), (fruit from Spain and Italy), (fish from the Mediterranean,) and many other things. Lighting her saloon, she found the (town in North of Scotland) of the candles troublesome. She called her servant (mountain in Scotland), and ordered him to bring her oil from (the sea on the east of Sibera). Her carpets were a (city in Belgium), her perfumes came from (a city on the Rhine), her curtains from (a town on the Trent), her coal from (a town on the Tyne), and her knives and forks from (two busy manufacturing towns of England).

MAGIC SQUARE.

Place the following figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, in three columns, in such a position that by adding them upwards, or across or diagonally, they will make 15.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Phonetic Charade.—Politician (Polly, Tician.)

Conundrums.—Elder-tree. Adrift. Mouse Stone.

Numerical Enigmas: I. It never rains but it pours. II. Evil be to him who evil thinks.

Charade.—Both-any.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from J. D. Mills.

To Remove Mildew or Stains From White Cloth.—One tablespoonful of chloride of lime in half a pail of water, let it stand half an hour, then dip the cloth in, wet thoroughly, and spread in the sun. Repeat this until entirely out, then wash thoroughly and rinse, and the lime will not injure the cloth. To leave the cloth over night without washing, the lime will rot it. Yellowed or unbleached clothes may be bleached in the same way.

Salt liberally sprinkled over a carpet before sweeping will absorb the dust and dirt and bring out the colors as fresh as new.

RANAVALONA.

Ranavalona was only a black woman born and bred an idolater, queen of a heathen race despised and invalided by a great Christian nation as a people worth of no respect, possessing no rights. But Ranavalona was every inch a sovereign. Measured by her opportunities, by her steadfast adherance to the right, by what she accomplished for her people and for Christianity and civilization, this black sovereign is worthy to be ranked amongst the good and true of the world's best white queens. Let her name be enrolled with those women of royal position for whom the world has an honorable place in its history.

Ranavalona came the throne of Madagascar in 1868. Her country was just emerging from the most cruel persecution Christians have suffered since the days of Nero. Christianity had been introduced under the reign of Radama, who began the unification of the kingdom. He welcomed the Christian teachers and exhorted his people to receive their instruction. It will help you, he said, it will help the country and it will help Radama. Upon Radama's death in 1828 his senior wife, Ranavalona I. seized the throne, and became the "Bloody Mary" of the Malagasy. A considerable number of converts had been won, and it became Ranavalona's chief object to restore heathenism in its grossest form and destroy utterly the last vestiges of Christianity. Edict after edict went forth against the followers of the missionaries. They were tortured, they were slain with the sword, they were impaled, they were thrown headlong down a precipice, they were burned. They perished by hundreds and thousands, giving as signal proof of their faithfulness as can be found in Fox's "Book of the Martyrs." After the death of the wicked queen, in 1861, there came a cessation of persecution, and some degree of toleration was enjoyed until the coronation of Ranavalona II. in 1868, She was a worthy daughter of a Jezebel mother. She had espoused the cause if not the faith of the Christians, and was crowned with Christian services by a native minister. Her address on that occasion showed that she had been a close student of the Bible, which had been widely scattered before the persecutions. The next year she was married to her prime minister, and both were publicly baptized.

Ranavalona not only became the friend and promoter of Christianity; she caused all the state idols, at a suggestion of a public meeting in the capital, to be burned; yet she did not in turn become a persecutor of the heathen. Under her benign rule all her subjects were protected, and civilization advanced with rapid strides. She began at once to lighten the burdens of the people. The oppressive features of the military system were removed; officers were deprived of their feudatory rights; the revenue, or rather the system of public plunder, was reformed; the importation of Mozambique slaves was prohibited; domestic slavery was humanized, the breaking up of families being prohibited; the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors were forbidden; the peaceful arts were fostered, and education was promoted in every possible way.

MARGARET, MOTHER OF MARTIN LUTHER.

It is not pretended that all these reforms have been perfectly carried out. The evils of slavery and the rum traffic are still, no doubt, crying evils. Malagasy society, it must be remembered, is still very imperfectly organized; and these are evils which more enlightened nations have found it difficult or impossible to get rid of. But the queen was a wise and liberal ruler, leading before her people a life of blamelessness, of true Christian piety, of devotion to the interests of the kingdom. Her Christian spirit brought shame to the representatives of a nation which has been professedly Christian more centuries than hers has years. When the French Admiral bombarded Tamative the Queen was urged to expel all his countrymen from her capital. Her reply was:

"We are Christians, and must remember at this trying time that we are so to act as becomes Christians. They gave our friends at Majanga an hour. We will give them five days, and not a hair of their heads, remember, is to be harmed."

When then panic-stricken foreigners left Antananarivo, the natives could not be induced to go with them to Tamative for fear of being detained as prisoners by the invaders. Under these circumstances the Queen furnished bearers and gave the French safe conduct.

What a contrast is presented by this woman only half a generation removed from heathenism and the representatives of the oldest and best beloved son of the Church directly descended from Christ and the Apostles! Queen Ranavalona II. is dead, and her neice succeeds her. The world can ask nothing better of the new ruler, who is said to be hostile to the French pretensions, than that she may be a worthy successor of Queen Ranavalona II.—*Independent*.

MOLLYS'S WHITE ROSE.

Molly Nelson had a white rosebush which was the pride of her heart. Never was there a bush which was more dearly loved nor more constantly cared for; and happy was little Molly when she had a bud from it to lay beside her mother's plate, or a cluster of roses and geranium leaves to take to her teacher as a gift.

"I have been to see Jessie Hunter," said sister Nell one night. "I think I never felt so sorry for any child as I do for her,

"What has happened? Are the Hunters in any greater trouble than usual?" asked mamma. Everybody knew that Mr. Hunter drank, and Mrs. Hunter was cross, and the children often went hungry.

Sister Nell went on. Jessie fell through a hole in the floor at the mill yesterday, and has hurt her back. The doctor says it is not likely she will ever be able to walk again."

Molly's brown eyes opened wide with horror, and then filled with tears. Poor, poor Jessie!

A day or two afterwards mamm asked her to carry a ltttle basket of dainties to Mrs. Hunter's There was a cup of custard, a glass of amber jelly, and a loaf of bread. Robbie brought a half-dozen eggs, laid by his hens, and Nell slipped over everything a double napkin, inside of which was a beautiful Scripture card with a lovely picture and a lovelier text.

"I wish I had something of my very own to give Jessie," said Molly to herself, "but I haven't a thing. Not even a bud is out on my rosebush."

So away she tripped. The basket was a little bit heavy, but that she did not mind. Her feet were light, her hands were strong, and her cheeks were as red as health could make a girl's cheeks.

When she came to Jessie's house, and went into the little crowded room, at one side of which was Jessie's bed she felt, as she said next day, "just dreadfully." To see Jessie lying there so white and thin and still, not able to turn, and not able to lift her head from the pillow, a cripple for life! Molly left the nice things she had brought, and went soberly home keeping up a very busy thinking.

Two days later any one entering Jessie's apartment would have seen in the window a certain thrifty rosebush turning its leaves to the sun and holding up two or three buds ready to bloom. The sick girl watched it with delight.

Molly had kissed it and bidden it good-bye, and when it was gone she missed it sadly; yet there was a happy feeling in her heart, for she had done what she could, and she knew she would receive the Master's blessing.—*Ex.*

THE GIANT SNAPPING TURTLE.

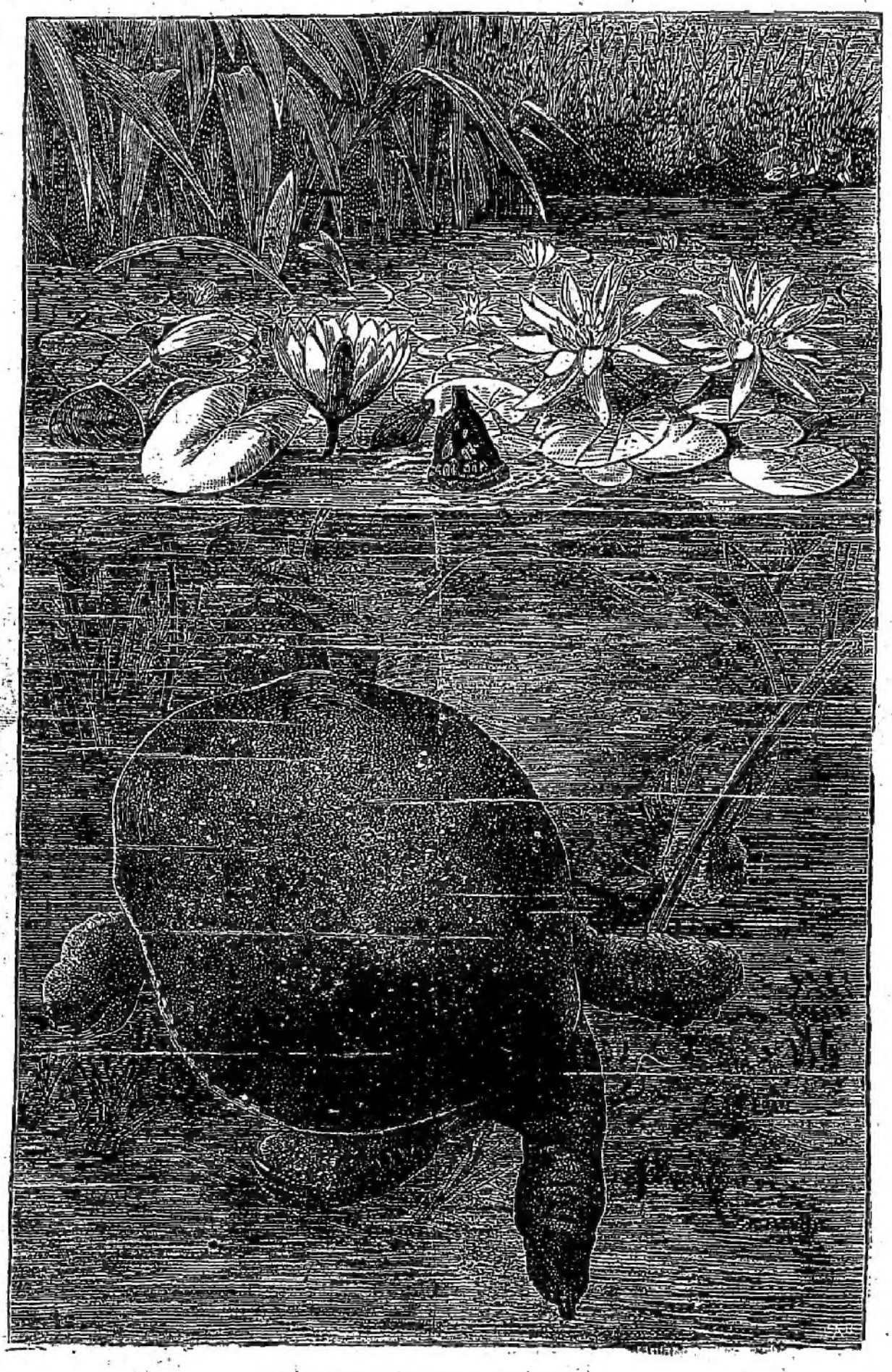
In the accompanying engraving is represented the North American giant snapping turtle (*Tryonyx ferus*). It attains a weight of about 60 to 80 lbs., and specimens nearly six feet in length have been frequently caught. The back is of dark slate blue color and covered with numerous yellow and reddish dots. The belly is white and the head covered with dark spots. A light band connects the eyes and descends on both sides along the neck to the shoulders. The chin, feet, and tail are marbled white; the iris of the eye is of a bright yellow color.

This turtle inhabits principally, according to Holbrook, the Savannah and Alabama rivers, also the northern lakes, and even the Hudson River; but it is missing in all rivers entering the Atlantic between the mouth of the Hudson and that of the Savannah. Into the great lakes of the North the turtle was probably brought from the great Southern rivers, in which it is indigenous, by the great inundations, by which the Illinois River is brought in connection with Lake Michigan, the Peters River, and Red River. Into the State of New York it probably emigrated through the Erie Canal, as before the completion of the latter it was unknown in New York waters.

In most of these rivers, especially those of the South, this turtle is very common. In clear, quiet weather they appear in large numbers at the surface or on the rocks in the water sunning themselves. When watching for prey, they hide under roots or stones, and lie motionless, till some small fish, lizard, or even a small water bird, approaches its hiding place. Then the somewhat elongated neck darts out suddenly; it never misses its aim. In an instant the prisoner is swallowed, and the turtle resumes its old position to repeat the same operation, when opportunity offers. They are also great enemies of the young alligators when these are just hatched. Thousands of them are devoured by the voracious turtles, which again fall prey to such of the grown up alligators as were happy enough to escape.

In May the females select sandy spots along the shore, mounting hills of considerable size if necessity requires it. Here the eggs are deposited. Their calcareous shells are very fragile, more so than those of the eggs of other sweet water turtles. Very little is known of the early life of the young, which are hatched in June.

Among all North American turtles this species is, for culinary purposes, the most valuable, and it is therefore extensively hunted. They are either shot or caught in nets and with the hook. Grown specimens must be handled with care, as they defend themselves desperately, and can inflict dangerous wounds.—*Ex.*



THE GIANT SNAPPING TURTLE.

TOMMY LEARNS ABOUT TOADS.

"Oh, papa, see what a great ugly toad! Do get a stick and kill him before he gets away," said little Tommy Gray, as he was walking in the garden along with his father.

"Why do you wished him killed?" said his father.

"Oh! because he is such an ugly thing and I am afraid he will eat up everything in the garden. You know we killed several bugs and worms here last eveniug. I am sure this toad is much worse than they.

"We killed the bugs and worms because they were destroying our flowers and vegetables. This poor toad never destroys a plant of any kind about the place; besides, he is one of our best friends. These insects that are doing so much harm in our gardens are just what he uses for his food. I have no doubt that he kills more of them every day than we did last evening. If you can find a live bug, place it near him and see what he will do."

Tommy looked about, and soon found three bugs which he placed near the toad, and then stood back a short distance to see the result. Soon the bugs began to move away. The toad saw them, and made a quick forward motion of his head. He darted out his tongue and instantly drew them, one by one into his mouth. Tommy clapped his hands with delight.

"How can such a clumsy-looking fellow use his head and tongue so nimbly?" said Tommy; and he ran off to find more food for him.

The next evening Tommy went again into the garden and soon found the object of his search ready for his supper. At first the toad was shy, but he soon learned to sit still while Tommy placed his food near him.

Then he would dart out his tongue and eat the bugs while Tommy was close by. Finding that the boy did not hurt him, he soon lost all fear, and became a great pet. Tommy named him Humpy, and says he would not have him killed now for anything.—*Ex.*

A PLAN IN LIFE.

"What is your plan in life, Neddie?" I asked a small boy, turning from his big brothers, who were talking about theirs, to which he and I had been listening; "what is yours, Neddie?"

"I am not big enough for a plan yet," said Neddie; "but I have a purpose."

"That is good; it is not every one who has a purpose. What is your purpose, Neddie?"

"To grow up a good boy, so as to be a good man, like my father," said Neddie. And by the way he said it, it was plain he meant it. His father was a noble Christian man, and Neddie could not do better than follow in his steps. A boy with such a purpose will not fail of his mark.—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE love of God is the source of every right action and feeling, so it is the only principle which necessarily ennobles the love of our fellow-creatures.—*Hannah More.*

PRAYER should be the key of the day and the lock of the night.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

The Family Circle.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE.

"So you've brought me this costly Bible,
With its covers so grand and gay;
You thought I must need a new one
On my eighty-first birthday, you say;
Yes, mine is a worn-out volume,
Grown ragged and yellow with age,
With finger-prints thick on the margin;
But there's never a missing page.

"And the finger-prints call back my wee ones
Just learning a verse to repeat;
And again, in the twilight, their faces
Look up to me, eagerly sweet.
It has pencil-marks pointed in silence
To words I have hid in my heart;
And the lessons so hard in the learning,
Once learned, can never depart.

"There's the verse your grandfather spoke of
The very night that he died:
'When I shall wake in His likeness
I, too, shall be satisfied.'
And here, inside the old cover,
Is a date; it is faded and dim,
For I wrote it the day the good pastor
Baptized me—I've an old woman's whim,

"That beside the pearl-gates he is waiting,
And when by-and-by I shall go,
That he will lead me into that kingdom
As into this one below.
And under that date, little Mary,
Write another one when I die;
Then keep both Bibles and read them;
God bless you, child, why should you cry?

"Your gift is a beauty, my dearie,
With its wonderful clasps of gold.
Put it carefully into that drawer;
I shall keep it till death; but the old—
Just leave it close by on the table,
And then you may bring me a light,
And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages
To think of, if wakeful to-night."

—*Hattie A. Cooley, in London Christian.*

A WORD OF PRAISE.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

"What bitter weather we are having?" remarked Horace Leslie to his partner, as they left their office together one cold evening in December.

"Yes," answered Earnest Clay, "and we can't be too thankful that we both have pleasant homes to go to, where a warm fire and bright smiles are waiting for us. We are not rich men, Leslie, but we have much to make us happy. I pity the bachelors. A man doesn't know what real comfort is until he gets himself a good wife."

Leslie said nothing. He was tired and out of spirits. He wondered how Clay could be so perpetually good-humored, and how he could be so stupid as to imagine that because he had a good wife every other married man was alike blessed.

"Let's turn in here," said Clay, stopping at the door of a large fruit-store. "I want to buy Mollie some Malaga grapes. She's very fond of them and I indulge her occasionally. You'd better get some for your wife, too."

It had been long since Horace Leslie had paid his wife any such loving attention, and he smiled a little grimly at Clay's suggestion. But, nevertheless, he bought the grapes for appearance' sake, not caring to have his partner imagine that Mrs. Leslie was at all neglected.

A few blocks further on the two men separated, and as Leslie went up the steps of his own house he muttered: "A smiling wife and a cheerful home, what an Eden it would be. But I must not expect impossibilities. The light went out of Caroline's face when I lost my property, and I don't suppose anything but a new fortune could bring it back."

He unlocked the door with his night key and entered the hall. The gas was lighted, but had been turned down so low that Leslie could scarcely see to remove his overcoat and muffler.

"Very bright here!" he muttered. "I wonder if Clay's wife economizes on the gas as mine does."

He left the grapes on the shelf of the hat-rack and pushed open the door of the sitting-room. His wife was sitting by the table sewing. She glanced up as he entered, but did not speak. Laying aside her work she began to make preparations for supper. She looked tired and worn, and moved about with a weary step. Ever since her husband had lost his property she had done the work of the house herself.

"Come," she said at last, setting the chairs at the table.

Leslie took his seat without a word. His brow was clouded, and he kept his eyes on his plate. He was thinking how differently, in all probability, Clay had been welcomed to his home. But it did not occur to him to draw any comparison between his own manner and that of his partner.

The tea was fragrant, the rolls light and white, the oysters prepared as he liked them best, and by his plate was a small saucer of the sweet pickle he particularly fancied, yet Leslie uttered no word of approval or praise. He ate in silence, and his wife leaned back wearily in her chair, and watched him, quick to notice when his cup was out, and ready to hand him the bread as he desired it.

He looked up once, tempted to ask her why she did not eat, but her face was so repellent, that, fearing an irritating reply, he did not put the question. As he folded his napkin and pushed his chair back, his wife arose and began clearing off the table. She carried all the dishes into the kitchen and covered the table with a red cloth, arranged the drop-light, and then went out, closing the door after her.

A few minutes later Leslie heard her talking to some one. Curious to know who it could be he opened the kitchen door and looked in. A little boy was standing by the stove, a pale, pinched, hungry-looking child, with shoes full of holes, and scanty clothing torn and soiled. In one grimy, red hand he held a copy of an evening paper, which he was asking Mrs. Leslie to buy.

"We don't want your paper," said Leslie, who had worked himself into a bad humor with everybody and everything, "and we don't want you. Get out of this, and don't come crawling into our back yard again after dark."

The child, with a frightened look, prepared to obey the command, and was slipping out of the door, when he was stopped by Mrs. Leslie.

"I will buy the paper," she said, in a firm, decided tone. "You look cold and hungry. Take that seat at the table; there are some oysters which I should have thrown away, and here is bread."

She pushed the boy into the seat as she spoke, and placed the oysters and bread nearer to him. He glanced timidly at Mr. Leslie, as if waiting for his permission to eat, but that gentleman turned away, and with an angry look went back into the dining room, closing the door violently after him.

Mrs. Leslie came into the room a moment later to bring some coal for the grate, and under her arm was the paper she had just bought. She replenished the fire and went out again, not noticing that the paper had fallen to the floor.

More for want of something else to do than for any other reason, Mr. Leslie picked it up and opened it. The first words on which his eyes fell were "Husbands, praise your wives," the heading of a short article copied from an eastern journal.

"Humph!" he muttered. "I wish I could find some occasion to praise Caroline." But he read on: "Praise your wife, man, whenever you can find a reasonable opportunity. It won't hurt her. You needn't be at all afraid of spoiling her. A word of praise goes a long way with a woman. She needs a little help and encouragement of this sort, and she is made not only happier by receiving it, but works all the better for it. The wise husband praises his wife, and thus secures her gratitude and esteem. The man who lets his wife go heart hungry makes a great mistake. It doesn't pay. He will probably live to be sorry for it. Think a while how much your wife does for you. She mends your clothes, attends to your small and large comforts, and prepares all the little deliencies you so enjoy at the table. Surely the least you can do is to thank her. Don't let her work for you year after year like a mule or a slave, without any acknowledgment of her faithfulness and love. A true woman would rather have the praise of her husband than the worship of kings. She has her troubles and annoyances that you know nothing about. Make her life as easy as you can. Praise her whenever you can. If you only choose to look for it you can find plenty to praise her for."

Horace Leslie read no farther. He let the paper fall unheeded to the floor, and, resting his head on his hand, gazed thoughtfully into the fire. His mind was busy with the past and present. Memory was accusing him of injustice to his wife. He felt rebuked for his muttered speech of a few moments before to the effect that Caroline deserved praise for nothing. She had worked hard for five years, and during that time he had never experienced the least neglect of any of his little home comforts. He had never found a button off nor a hole in his sock. No matter what she had been doing she had never been too busy or too tired to wait on him. His clothes had been brushed regularly every day, and his dressing gown and slippers had always been ready for him by the fire on his return home in the evening. Caroline had even insisted on building the fires in the morning, and had spared him in every way. He remembered these things now, and many others of a like nature. The article he had just read had jogged his memory very severely, and he felt worried and guilty. He could not recall a time since the loss of his property when he had praised his wife. He had taken her industry and frugality as a matter of course. She had never complained, never reproached him, but had grown more silent, more reserved, and colder with every day. Perhaps the wall that had grown up between them had been as much his work as hers. He wondered if there was aught of the old time love for him still in her heart, or if she was actuated by duty alone in her attention to his creature comforts. The article he had just read had almost persuaded him that he had made a mistake in withholding that word of praise. But perhaps it was not too late to mend matters. He would try the experiment any how.

He grew quite anxious for his wife to come in. He heard her still talking to the child, and wished very heartily that the little boy would go away.

Half an hour passed and he could restrain his impatience no longer. He was about to go into the kitchen to seek her when the door opened, and Mrs. Leslie came quietly in. She took her work basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking to or glancing at her husband, began to sew.

The expression of his wife's face did not give Leslie much encouragement to enter on the new work upon which he had decided. He had to struggle with himself before he could conquer his moody, accusing spirit. He thought of many things to say, yet not one suited him exactly. At last, however, he leaned toward her, and said in a voice as gentle he could make it:

"You were very kind to that little beggar, Carrie."

Mrs. Leslie made no reply, but her husband did not fail to notice the look of surprise which flitted over her face, and the relaxing of the hard lines about her mouth. Perhaps she was as much surprised at his use of the abbreviation of her name as at his words of praise. One was as unusual as the other.

"You have a kind heart for the poor," continued Leslie, finding it easier to go on now that he had broken the ice, and rather enjoying the novel sensation of praising his wife. "I wish I had even half of your charity, I should be a better man. I dare say, now, you hunted up something warm to put around that child, and a better pair of shoes. You are unselfish enough to go barefoot yourself if it was necessary, in order to help another.

"Am I?"

Mrs. Leslie's voice was low and husky. She bent her face closer yet over her work, but her husband saw that she plied her needle very unsteadily.

"Yes, Carrie," he answered softly, "and I appreciate your struggles of the past five years. Had it not been for your industry and economy I should never have been able to struggle along at all. But the dark days are, I hope, almost over for us. My business is growing steadily better, and there is a bright out-look for even greater success. There is no necessity for your continuing to work so hard. You are always busy," and he laid his hand on the work in her lap. Lay it aside for to-night, my dear, for I want the uninterrupted benefit of your society, and I have brought you a little treat."

He went out in the hall as he said the last words, and returned with the grapes, which he put beside his wife on the table. To his surprise she was sobbing bitterly, her face covered with her hands.

"Carrie, darling," he said, stooping down and kissing her. "Have I said anything to wound you?"

"No, no," answered Mrs. Leslie, raising her face, "but I cannot bear your praise. It affects me unaccountably. I—I—am not—used to it," and her tears began to flow again. "I thought you did not appreciate me, and it made me feel hard and bitter. I know I have not done my duty in many things, but it was so hard—"

"Yes, yes, Carrie, I understand. But forget it all now, dear. We will turn over a new leaf and begin over again. I have been more to blame than you, but I see now where my mistake was. Let me see the sunshine on your face as of old, Carrie, and I shall be a different man."

Then sitting down beside her he told her of the article he had read in the paper the little boy had brought, and how it had shown his conduct to him in a new and different light, and had pointed out clearly the mistake he had made in never uttering a word of praise.

Long did the husband and wife talk together, and many were the good resolutions they made for the future, which had not looked so bright to them for many years.

"The little boy's mother died three months ago, Horace," said Mrs. Leslie, when at last her husband rose to lock up the house for the night, "and he is homeless and forlorn. I made him take a bath, and put him to bed in the room over the kitchen. To-morrow I shall make an effort to get him into the orphan's home. I feel that I cannot do too much for him, Horace, for if he had not brought that paper in, we should not have been so happy to-night. Ah! how little I imagined I was entertaining an angel unawares."—*Household.*

I'M AFRAID TO.

Long ago in a dull old street, making part of an equally dull and colorless part of old New York, a very solitary child extracted such amusement from life as forty feet of back yard could afford.

There was no time for amusement beyond an occasional going to market. There were no children's books, and it was not in any case a household with an affinity for books. The child sat in his small rocking-chair and listened to the subdued talk that went on occasionally, growing a little paler, a little more uncanny all the time, till one day when a country cousin appeared, and, horrified that anything so old and wenzened could call itself a boy, begged that he might go home with her.

There was infinite objection, but her point was finally carried, and the child found himself suddenly in a country village, a great garden about the house, a family dog and cat, a cow, an old horse and all the belongings of village life. Old-fashioned flowers were all about and the old-fashioned boy sat down in the path by a bed of spice pinks and looked at them, his hands folded and a species of adoration on his face.

"Pick some," said the cousin; "pick as many as you want."

"Pick them?" repeated the old-fashioned boy. "I'm afraid to. Ain't they God's?"

An hour later the seven years' crust had broken once for all, and the child who had to be put to bed utterly exhausted from his scrambles through and over every unaccustomed thing, began to live the first day of real child-life. When the time came for his return he begged with such a passion of eagerness, such storms of sobs and cries for longer stay, that the unwilling aunt and grandmother left him there, and finding the transformation when he did return beyond either comprehension or management, sent him back to the life he craved.

To-day he is one of the first names among American painters. And he counts his own birthday from the hour when the first sense of sky and grass and flowers dawned upon

him and he looked upon the garden that he thought truly God had planted.

The child to whom such gift has never come is defrauded and wronged. Not all will reap such harvests from new sights and sounds, but health and a new perception wait for every new-comer, and the child who has grown up shadowed by city walls, with no knowledge of anything beyond, has lost the best of its little life.

BILLY'S PAT OF BUTTER.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

You never can know how delighted Billy was to get out to Uncle Joe's farm for a visit, because you have no idea how nice it was out there. There were no children at Cherry Grove ("That's the reason they want to borrow me," thought Billy); but there were chickens and ducks and kittens and a puppy, and two colts, and pigs and pigeons, and everything that was little except little people.

Aunt Judy thought it was very dangerous for Billy to ride behind Uncle Joe on the big bay horse; and it is true his little fat legs stuck right straight out, so that his feet couldn't touch anywhere, but Uncle Joe said it was a long way safer than cherry-pie for supper, and as Uncle Joe and Aunt Judy never came to any agreement about this matter, lucky little Billy got the rides and the cherry-pie, too—and wasn't hurt by either.

One reason why Billy was so happy at Cherry Grove was that he was allowed to help. It is a pity that grown folks don't always know how much little ones like to help; at Billy's home there were lots of big brothers and sisters, and they always said, "Oh, you go and ride a stick horse, Billy." But at Uncle Joe's he helped to drive the sheep, and carried little buckets of slop to the pigs, and held Uncle Joe's horse by a long rope, when he wanted him to eat the front-yard grass; and always, every morning and every evening, he carried up the printed pat of butter, from Aunt Judy's dairy at the foot of the hill. That was one of his very nicest jobs; for the dairy was the sweetest smelling place in the world, and Billy was never tired of seeing the water fall into the trough at one side, and gurgle out through the opening at the other.

As Billy started up the hill one fresh, early morning, with the butter on a saucer and a little wet napkin over it, Uncle Joe's man let the sheep out of the fold, and Billy stopped to watch them run and push past each other, to see which could get to the meadow first, when, the first thing he knew, the old ram with the broken horns ran right at him and sprawled him over, butter and all. He fell on the grass and didn't mind, and the saucer and napkin he held tight in his hand; but, ah, the nice pat of butter, with the cow printed on top! it rolled and rolled, and flopped down in the dust. Billy stood and looked at it a minute and then he suddenly thought of something. The dust was only on the under side. He sat down on the grass, took out his barlowe knife, with a broad dull blade, and smoothed it all over, turning the dirt inside! Then up he jumped, and was soon at Aunt Judy's breakfast table, impatient to begin at the muffins.

"Hallo!" said Uncle Joe "what's the matter with the butter?"

"Well," said Aunt Judy, her face getting red, "what's the matter with it?"

"You might as well lower your flag, old woman," said he; "there's dirt in it."

Aunt Judy ran at the print as if he had said there was a young alligator in it; there was the dirt, sure enough, and she couldn't have looked more horrified if the alligator had been a full-grown one.

Meantime, Billy was clearing his throat of muffins, and of something else that seemed to stick there, and getting ready to own up.

"It's me, Aunt Judy," he said in a rather squeaky voice; and then he told all about it.

Uncle Joe laughed until the cups and saucers rattled; but Aunt Judy shook her head, and looked sorry about something else than the butter.

"Never mind," said Uncle Joe; "Billy's got to have a sermon about this, and I'm going to preach it; help yourself to another muffin, Billy, and listen: My sermon is to have two heads, and my text is the pat of butter; and, firstly, dearly beloved brethren when you are in the business of bringing up butter don't stop to look after any other fellow's business; and, secondly, when you get any dirt on your butter, or your hands, or your heart, or your conscience, don't you ever think about covering it up; the only thing to do, my friends, and especially Billy, my lad, is to get rid of it."

Now, whether it was the pat of butter that made Billy remember the sermon, or the sermon that kept him from forgetting the pat of butter, I can't say; but I have known him for fifty years, and he hasn't done a sly thing in all that time.—*S. S. Times.*

LUTHER'S PSALM.

Among Luther's Spiritual Songs, of which various collections have appeared of late years the one entitled *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott* is universally regarded as the best; and indeed still retains its place and devotional use in the Psalmodies of Protestant Germany. Luther's music is heard daily in our churches, several of our finest Psalm tunes being of his composition. Luther's sentiments also are, or should be, present in many an English heart. * * Luther wrote this Song in a time of blackest threatenings, which however could in nowise become a time of despair. In those tones, rugged, broken as they are, do we not recognize the accent of that summoned man (summoned not by Charles the Fifth, but by God Almighty also), who answered his friends' warning not to enter Worms, in this wise: "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on;"—of him who, alone in that assemblage, before all emperors and principalities and powers, spoke forth these final and forever memorable words: "It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I, I cannot otherwise. God assist me. Amen!" It is evident enough that to this man all Pope's Conclaves, and Imperial Diets, and hosts, and nations, were but weak; weak as the forest, with all its strong trees, may be to the smallest spark of electric fire.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

A safe stronghold our God *is still.*
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of Craft and Power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son,
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all Devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We *lay it not to heart so sore,*
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms *us not a whit;*
For why? His doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But spite of Hell shall have its course,
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all
The City of God remaineth.

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when *other people* are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that, if any one spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry nor out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay *it back now, and I will.*"

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be glad if you would!" said her mother.

The little hat and sacque were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on this sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking *dreadfully tired.*"

The kind words and the kiss which accompanied them were almost too much for the mother.

The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled, as she answered: "Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will *do him good too. My head* aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk!

She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her.

She had made her mother happier, and had given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember, and act on her aunt's good word, "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—*Baptist.*

MY MOTHER'S GOD.

At a fashionable party, a young physician present spoke of one of his patients whose case he considered a very critical one. He said he was very sorry to lose him, for he was a noble young man, but very unnecessarily concerned about his soul, and the Christians increased his agitation by talking with him and praying with him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence."

A young lady sitting near, and one of the gayest of the company, said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I cannot hear you talk thus and remain silent. I am not a professor of religion; I never knew anything about it experimentally, but my mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room, and, with her hand upon my head, she has prayed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died, and the religion she so loved during life sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to her bedside, and, with her face shining with glory, asked us to meet her in heaven and I promised to do so. And now," said the young lady, displaying a deep emotion, "can I believe that this is all a delusion? that my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? that she will never waken again in the morning of the resurrection, and that I shall see her no more? No, I cannot, will not believe it." Her brother tried to quiet her, for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No," said she, "brother, let me alone. I must defend my mother's God, my mother's religion.

The physician made no reply, and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterwards pacing the floor of an adjoining room in great agitation and distress of spirit. "What is the matter?" a friend inquired. "O," said he, "that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the conviction thus awakened was that both the young lady and the physician were converted to Christ, and are useful and influential members of the Church of God.

Young friends, stand up for Jesus at all times and in all places where you ever hear his name reviled, or his counsel set at naught. Rather let the language of your heart be, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—*Cheering Words.*

ALLITERATION.*

Although this game requires close attention it is much less difficult than it appears, for very young players succeed well in it after a little practice. The players are arranged in a circle, and to each a letter of the alphabet is assigned in order, for which he must produce a sentence every word of which begins with his letter.

At the expiration of ten minutes each one must read or say his line, in the order in which the players are seated. As it is harder to compose these sentences mentally than to write them, the manner of playing must be decided beforehand. The former way is better, even if the lines are shorter or less finished, as memory as well as invention is thus strengthened. A few examples are given below, which children can easily follow to the end of the alphabet.

"An aristocratic artist angrily argued against an ancient art article, anticipating all antagonistic announcements, and answering all æsthetic attacks."

"Busy bees brightly buzz by brilliant bowers borrowing beneficent burdens by burrowing brown bodies below beautiful bean blossoms."

"Careless censure continually condemning can cause careful candor considerable consternation."

"Dainty deeds daily done dearly delight dutiful daughters."

"Each eager enthusiast exults every Easter, eagerly examining each Easter-egg."

He Never, however, would expect or desire us to break any of his commandments, or even to do what had the appearance of evil, because we might, in our ignorance and presumption, consider it necessary to do so in order that his work might be done. Christians who do such things have a very erroneous idea of duty; and a perverted conception of the God whom they serve. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, "it is necessary for me," said he, "to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live." Christians should never forget that it is necessary for them always to do right, and never to do wrong, whatever they may imagine must be the consequence.—*The Christian.*

*From New Games for Parlor and Lawn. By George B. Bartlett, New York: Harper & Brothers.

Question Corner.—No. 23.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. When did oil once pay a poor widow's debts?
2. When were pitchers used in battle?
3. What queen saved her people's lives from a wicked device?
4. Who used the shoe in making a bargain?
5. Who told a parable about the trees desiring a king?
6. Why was unleavened bread used in the Passover?
7. When and why did Moses wear a veil?
8. What mother's child was saved by finding water in the wilderness of Beersheba?
9. When did a certain plant grow up in a night and perish in a night.
10. When was water changed to blood?
11. Whose bedstead was fifteen feet long?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. With what instrument did Asaph make a sound?
2. What birds did the Lord command to feed Elijah?
3. Ahaziah's grandfather.
4. What did John the Baptist tell the soldiers to be content with?
5. The principal man that went into the ark.

The initials give that which was laid up for Paul.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO 21.

1. Josh. 2 Chron xxii 11, 12.
2. Ecclesiastes ix. 16.
3. Thomas. John ii 24, 27.
4. Samuel; to Eli 1 Sam. iii. 11.
5. A ruler. Luke xviii 22.
6. Othniel was nephew and son-in-law to Caleb Judges i. 13. iii. 10.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

UNTO THY NAME GIVE GLORY.—Psa. cxv. 1.

1. U-z	. . . .	Job. i. 1.
2. N-icodemus	. . . .	John ii. 1-12.
3. T-aphath	. . . .	1 Kings v. 11.
4. O-bed	. . . .	Ruth iv 17.
5. T-hrice	. . . .	Matt. xxvi. 75.
6. H-ivites	. . . .	Josh. x. 7.
7. Y-ellow	. . . .	Lev xiii. 30.
8. N-ahshon	. . . .	Num. x. 14.
9. A-bigail	. . . .	1 Sam xxv. 1-42.
10. M-ichal	. . . .	1 Sam xviii 28.
11. E-phod	. . . .	1 Sam xxx 7.
12. G-ibeah	. . . .	1 Sam. x. 26.
13. I-mago	. . . .	Dan ii.
14. V-ashti	. . . .	Esth. i 15-22.
15. E-pphphtha	. . . .	Mark vii. 34.
16. G-enesis.		
17. L-ilies	. . . .	Matt. vi. 28.
18. O-live-leaf	. . . .	Gen. viii. 1.
19. R-amoth-Gilead	. . .	2 King ix 4-6.
20. Y-esterday	. . . .	Hel xiii. 8.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Walter H. Wigg, Bertie A. Parrott, and Albert Jesse French.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XI.

Dec. 16, 1883.] [1 Sam. 24: 1-17.

DAVID SPARING HIS ENEMY.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 15, 17.

1 And it came to pass when Saul was returned from following the Philistines, that it was told him, saying, Behold David is in the wilderness of Engedi.

2. Then Saul took three thousand chosen men out of all Israel, and went to seek David and his men upon the rocks of the wild goats.

3. And he came to the sheepcotes by the way, where was a cave; and Saul went in to cover his feet: and David and his men remained in the sides of the cave.

4. And the men of David said to him, Behold the day of which the Lord said unto thee, Behold, I will deliver thine enemy into thine hand, that thou mayest do to him as it shall seem good unto thee. Then David arose and cut off the skirt of Saul's robe privily.

5. And it came to pass afterward, that David's heart smote him, because he had cut off Saul's skirt.

6. And he said unto his men, The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed, to stretch forth my hand against him seeing he is the anointed of the Lord.

7. So David stayed his servants with these words, and suffered them not to rise against Saul. But Saul rose up out of the cave, and went on his way.

8. David also arose afterward and went out of the cave, and cried after Saul, saying, My lord the king. And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself.

9. And David said to Saul, Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt?

10. Behold this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee to-day into mine hand in the cave: and some bade me kill thee: but mine eye spared thee: and I said, I will not put forth my hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed.

11. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand: for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee: yet thou huntest my soul to take it.

12. The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but mine hand shall not be upon thee.

13. As saith the proverb of the ancients, Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked: but mine hand shall not be upon thee.

14. After whom is the king of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea.

15. The Lord therefore be judge, and judge between me and thee, and see, and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thine hand.

16. And it came to pass when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice and wept.

17. And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." —Matt. 5: 44.

TOPIC.—Forbearance toward Enemies.

LESSON PLAN.—1. DAVID'S MAGNANIMITY, vs. 1-7. 2. HIS APPEAL TO SAUL, vs. 8-15. 3. SAUL'S PENITENCE, vs. 16-17.

Time.—B.C. 1061. Place.—Engedi, east of Hebron, on the west shore of the Dead Sea.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. WILDERNESS—a desolate thinly-inhabited region, with limestone cliffs in which are caves. V. 2. WILD GOATS—"climbers," chamois or ibex. V. 3. SHEEPCOTES—caverns used as sheep-pens. Saul went into the very cave, in the far depths or dark side-chambers of which David and his men were hidden. V. 4. BEHOLD THE DAY—the men of David saw in this an indication of the Lord's will that he should kill Saul. SKIRT—edge, or border. ROBE—outer garment, or cloak. V. 5. SMOTE HIM—condemned him. Saul was yet king, and David's act was an insult to him. V. 6. THE LORD FORBID—David refuses to do wrong to save his own life. V. 7. STAYED HIS SERVANTS—it is just as bad to let others do wrong for us as to do it ourselves. V. 8. MY LORD THE KING—bold in his innocence and respectful in his loyalty. V. 9. MEN'S WORDS—mere hearsay. V. 10. BEHOLD, THIS DAY—his deeds showed that he was not an enemy. V. 12. THE LORD JUDGE—David would not take it upon himself to avenge the wrongs he had suffered. V. 14. A DEAD DOG—worthless to be so hunted by Israel's king. V. 15. THE LORD, ETC.—Christ "committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." 1 Pet. 2: 23. PLEAD MY CAUSE—Ps. 35: 1; 43: 1. V. 16. SAUL . . . WEPT—his hard heart melted. He had once loved David, and now something of the old affection returned as he contrasted David's conduct with his own.

TEACHINGS:

1. We are to treat our enemies with kindness.

2. We are never to seek safety by doing what is wrong.

3. We are not to be too ready to believe evil of others.

4. We are to respect and obey those who are placed in authority over us.

5. We are so to live that we can commit ourselves to God and find our defence in him.

LESSON XII.

Dec. 23, 1883.] [1 Sam. 31: 1-13.

DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 11-13.

1. Now the Philistines fought against Israel: and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain in mount Gilboa.

2. And the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his sons; and the Philistines slew Jonathan, and Abinadab, and Melchishua, Saul's sons.

3. And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him; and he was sore wounded of the archers.

4. Then said Saul unto his armorbearer, Draw thy sword, and thrust me through therewith; lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through and abuse me. But his armorbearer would not; for he was sore afraid. Therefore Saul took a sword and fell upon it.

5. And when his armorbearer saw that Saul was dead, he fell likewise upon his sword, and died with him.

6. So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armorbearer, and all his men, that same day together.

7. And when the men of Israel that were on the other side of the valley, and they that were on the other side Jordan, saw that the men of Israel fled, and that Saul and his sons were dead, they forsook the cities, and fled; and the Philistines came and dwelt in them.

8. And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in mount Gilboa.

9. And they cut off his head, and stripped off his armor, and sent into the land of the Philistines round about, to publish it in the house of their idols, and among the people.

10. And they put his armor in the house of Ashtaroth: and they fastened his body to the wall of Bethshan.

11. And when the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead heard of that which the Philistines had done to Saul:

12. All the valiant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Bethshan, and came to Jabesh, and burnt them there.

13. And they took their bones, and buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death."—PROV. 14: 32.

TOPIC.—The Death of the Disobedient.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE DISASTER TO ISRAEL, vs. 1-6. 2. THE REJOICING OF THE PHILISTINES, vs. 7-10. 3. THE KINDNESS OF JABESH-GILEAD, vs. 11-13.

Time.—B.C. 1056. Place.—Mountains of Gilboa.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. GILBOA—a mountain range extending from the east into the plain of Esdraelon. V. 2. FOLLOWED HARD—pursued him closely. SLEW JONATHAN—thus fell one of the noblest and best of princes. His death was a great grief to David. V. 3. THE BATTLE WENT SORE AGAINST SAUL—the time of retribution had come. He had forsaken God, and God now left him to his enemies. ARCHERS—soldiers armed with the bow and arrow. SORE WOUNDED—rather, "sore afraid." V. 4. HIS ARMORBEARER—Jewish traditions say it was Doeg. ABUSE ME—Saul feared either slow torture before death or the mutilation of his body after it. TOOK A SWORD—killed himself. How much more manful and courageous to have died fighting! V. 6. ALL HIS MEN—his body-guard and servants. The end of the king was like his life. He died by his own act without repentance. For David's lament, see 2 Sam., I. 17-27. V. 7. THE VALLEY—of Jezreel. OTHER SIDE JORDAN—east side. THE CITIES—places most likely to be first attacked. DWELT IN THEM—making good their conquest. V. 8. FOUND SAUL—a great prize, as it assured them that Israel had lost their king. V. 9. CUT OFF HIS HEAD—the very thing he had dreaded. TO PUBLISH IT—with public rejoicings. V. 10. HOUSE OF ASHTAROTH—temple of their idol-gods. BETHSHAN—at the eastern end of the plain of Esdraelon. V. 11. INHABITANTS OF JABESH-GILEAD—they remembered Saul's kindness to them at the beginning of his reign, and under cover of night crossed the Jordan, took down his body and those of his sons, and reverently burned them. V. 12. BURNT THEM—probably, to prevent their falling again into the hands of the Philistines. V. 13. TOOK THEIR BONES—after the burning. David afterward interred them in Saul's family burial-place at Zelah. 2 Sam. 21: 11-14.

TEACHINGS:

1. God's threatened judgments are as sure as are his promises of mercy.

2. The strong become weak when God forsakes them.

3. God often uses the wicked to accomplish his will.

4. Bad men do not escape from God by self-murder.

5. Wicked men often care more for the shame of the world than for the danger of their souls.

ANY READERS of the *Northern Messenger* who would prefer a weekly paper with the news of the week at the lowest possible price can have the *Weekly Messenger*, the same size as this paper, at fifty cents a year; and if they can get up a club of five subscribers can have the five papers addressed separately for a remittance of two dollars.

MARTIN LUTHER.

(Continued from first page.)

was with him. One man said "Dear Doctor, if you are right, the Lord God stand by you." Another, a gallant soldier, said, "Little monk, little monk, thou hast work before thee that I, and many a man whose trade is war never faced the like of. If thy heart is right, and thy cause is good, go on in God's name. He will not forsake thee." But in all these friendly expressions there was an "if;" Luther alone was sure that he was right. Before all that august assembly, priests, nobles, elector, dukes, Emperor; Italians, Spaniards and Germans he, a peasant's son, stood alone. Yet not alone for God was with him. He listened to all their accusations and refused to retract one word. "Popes have erred," he said, "and councils have erred. Prove to me out of Scripture that I am wrong, and I submit. Till then my conscience binds me. Here I stand, I can do no more. God help me. Amen."

When he reached his lodgings at the close of the trial he flung up his hands and exclaimed "I am through! I am through! If I had a thousand heads they should be struck off one by one before I would retract."

His friends now became convinced that the Diet would condemn him to death and on his way home to await its decision, while passing through the Thuringian forest, he was seized by armed men, and carried to Wartburg Castle, where he remained, known only to a few, disguised as a captive knight and known by the name of the Ritter George. Here he stayed until the storm had blown over and political troubles held the attention of the authorities. While here Luther translated the New Testament and ere long he had the joy of seeing the whole Bible, in their own tongue, in the homes of all his countrymen.

The victory for which Luther had so long fought was now won. Books multiplied and the new doctrines spread rapidly. Churches could not hold the crowds who flocked to hear the great Reformer preach, and Luther spoke at times to 25,000 in the market place.

The Reformation was now fairly on its way, the country was marching rapidly on towards religious freedom, and no one could bar its progress.

Thinking of Dr. Martin Luther so long as a monk and a reformer, it is difficult to think of him at the same time as a loving husband and a devoted father. In spite of great opposition he married Katherine von Bora who had been a nun in a distant convent. She was sixteen years his junior. The last twenty years of his life were less eventful but were spent happily in the care of his wife and children. He was passionately devoted to his children and allowed them all kinds of innocent enjoyment.

The death of two of his children he felt keenly, and when the third, Magdalen, in whom he saw promise of a beautiful character, died at the age of fourteen he was almost broken hearted.

The various political difficulties during the latter part of his life troubled Luther greatly. He reached his last birthday, we are told, sick at heart and sick in body. His sight failed gradually and in writing to a friend in January 1546 he calls himself "old, spent, worn, weary, cold, and with but one eye to see with." At the end of the month he went to his birthplace but took cold on the way and on the 14th of February he preached in the church there for the last time. He never saw his wife and home again.

He wanted to get home but could not. He went to bed apparently as usual on the night of the 17th., but became restless and lay upon a sofa in the next room, and died between two and three in the morning. His two sons and his friend Jonas were with him. When they asked him if he would still stand by Christ and the doctrine which he had preached he said "Yes." Almost his last words were "It is death, I am going; Father into thy hands I commend my spirit."

CHURCH MOORINGS.

An old sea captain was riding in the cars, and a young man sat down by his side. He said:

"Young man, where are you going?"

"I am going to Philadelphia to live."

"Have you letters of introduction?"

"Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the old sea captain, "have you a church certificate?"

"O yes," replied the young man; "I did not suppose you desired to look at that."

"Yes," said the sea captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you reach Philadelphia present that to some Christian Church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world; and it is my rule, as soon I can get into port, to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."—*Presbyterian.*

DID YOU EVER see a counterfeit ten-dollar bill? Yes. Why was it counterfeit? Because it was worth counterfeiting? Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited? No. Why? Because it was not worth counterfeiting. Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian? Yes, lots of them. Why was he counterfeited? Because he was worth counterfeiting. Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel? No. Why? You answer; I am through.

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